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RIGHT
DOWN
TO
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Again and

Down

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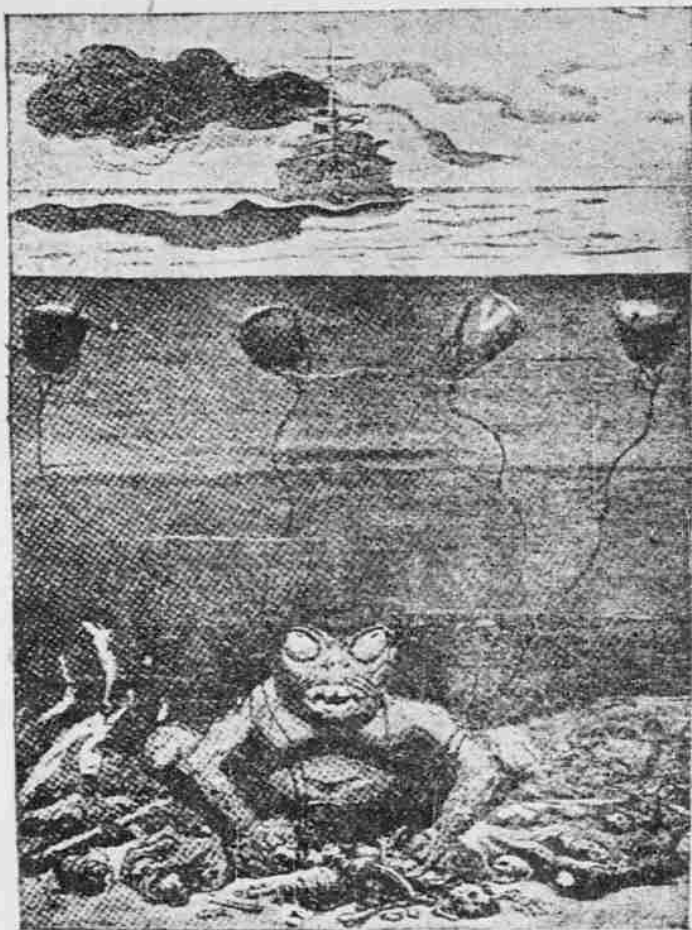
CROWD OF RUSSIANS IN FRONT OF THE GREAT CONVENT AT MOSCOW
PRAYING FOR VICTORY FOR THE CZAR'S TROOPS IN MANCHURIA.

A NAPOLEON LETTER.

On May 20, 1816, Sir Stanford Raffles, British governor of Java, wrote a long letter to his friend, Sholto V. Hare, describing a visit to Napoleon at St. Helena. The letter had never been published until a few weeks ago, when it appeared in the London Daily Mail. From it is extracted the following description of Napoleon:

Our first view of him was from the window across the lawn, where we beheld, not what we expected, an interesting, animated, and martial figure, but a heavy, clumsy-looking man, moving with a very awkward gait, and reminding us of a citizen lounging in the tea-gardens about London on a Sunday afternoon. He was dressed in a large, but plain, cocked hat, a dark-green hunting coat, with a star, etc., on the left breast, white kerseymere breeches, and white silk stockings. He had no sooner passed in review than the Count Lascazas quitted the party, and came to inform me that the emperor would receive me. Now, then, behold me in the presence of certainly the greatest man of the age. I will not attempt to describe to you the feelings with which I approached him; let it suffice that I say they were in every way favorable to him. His talents had always demanded my admiration, and in the brilliancy of his public career I felt every disposition to forget the unfavorable side of his character. In a word, I felt compassion for his present situation. On my nearer approach he stopped, took off his hat, and slightly bowed, then, placing his hat under his left arm, commenced a string of questions, which he put in quick succession, and in a tone and manner as unexpected as authoritative. Your name? Where are you from? What country? You are from Java; did you accompany the expedition against it? Had the Dutch taken possession? How do the kings of the islands conduct themselves? Are the Spice Islands also ceded? In what ship did you come? What cargo? Is the Java coffee better than the Bourbon? Does Batavia continue as healthy as ever? Then, looking toward the gentlemen forming my suite, Who are these? I then introduced Gainham. Your name? Your regiment? Have you been wounded? Travellers was next introduced, when he in like manner demanded his name and regiment. On introducing Sir Thomas Silvestre as a chirurgien, he repeated "surgeon," "surgeon," and, making an inclination to move, we mutually bowed, put on our hats, and turning back to back, withdrew from each other. Count de Bertrand followed us, and invited us to partake of refreshments, which we had the honor of receiving off the imperial silver, and, then, mounting our horses, made the best of our way to the valley, which we reached just before sunset, and just in time to embark.

Bonaparte must either be very different in his present appearance and demeanor to what he once was, or we have all been in a great measure deceived. In person he is more like old Wardemaat, of Batavia, than any man I can name. This resemblance struck us all. To be sure, he has not quite so large a belly, but in other points he does not fall short in size. His face is square, his color sallow, and his eyes jaundiced without reflecting one ray of light. His visage, in general, was not unlike that of a Brazilian-Portuguese. Though still deficient in animation, his manner was abrupt, rude, and authoritative, and the most ungentelemanly that I ever witnessed. While speaking he took snuff, or rather seemed to take it, for there was none in his box, and altogether treated us in the same manner, as in his worst humor he was wont to do his own inferiors. Believe me, Hare, this man is a monster.



THE MINE PERIL IN THE YELLOW SEA.

—Lustige Platter, Berlin.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

A girl who got on an Eighth street car the other day bore in every outward feature the appearance of being what is usually described as a "sweet young thing." She was as modest and shrinking as a woodland flower. Yet she possessed, evidently, some of that confidence which a pretty woman feels in the power of beauty over the average man, for after

a slight hesitation she turned appealingly to an elderly man seated nearest to her.

"Is this car going to Germantown?" she asked sweetly.

"Really, madame," replied the man addressed, throwing into his speech a manner of exaggerated politeness, "I regret it extremely, but I am not sufficiently in the confidence of the traction company to state with any degree of confidence

just what is the destination of this vehicle."

Then, as the poor little girl, utterly crushed by this flow of language, shrank back the man proceeded to chuckle. But his satisfaction was short lived. A young fellow, with his hat on the back of his head, who had overheard, got up to leave the car at this point, and as he did so he shot a glance of withering scorn at the old man.

"Aw! what are you givin' us, you daffy old guy?" he said. Then, turning to the girl and modulating his strident voice a little, he continued: "Yes, miss; this car goes to Germantown all right. What with some of its passengers, it's a pity it don't go by the 'bug house.'"—Philadelphia Record.

HOW GREAT WAS HIS HURRY.

"I have just come down from one of your little country towns," said F. M. Carson of Buffalo last night, "and while there I saw a great big, tall, husky-looking fellow, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat and with a mustache of luxurious growth, come rushing into a barroom, saying:

"Hello, Bill! Give me a drink quick. I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry, John, but whiskey's just gave out. Have to tap a new barrel in the cellar, I guess."

"All right," said John, the broad-brimmed man. "I reckon I've got to wait; but hurry up with that drink. I just heard my house is on fire."

"John had his drink, the burning of his house to the contrary notwithstanding."—Louisville Herald.

The limit: Corner Conrad—"Aint it disgusting de way dese foreigners is crowding in everywhere?" Next-House Noonan—"Fierce; de last time I wuz in jail dey put me in a cell wid a Pole an' a Dago. Wot yer 'link o' dat?"—Puck.

FREE TO MEN, AND WOMEN, TOO!



Do you want to be a big, husky man, with vim and power in your every action, with courage, self-confidence and ambition to "do things"? Do you want to get rid of that feeling of gloom, that weakness in your back, that nervous, worn-out feeling which unfits you for business or pleasure?

Do you want to feel like a man all over, to hold up your head with the knowledge that you are the man that nature meant you to be?

I know that no man remains a weakling because he wants to. I am sure that you want to overcome every indication of early decay that has shown itself on you. I don't think the man lives who

would not like to feel as big and strong as a Sandow, and I know that if you have a reasonable foundation to build upon I can make you a bigger man than you ever hoped to be. I want you to know that, you who can't believe it, and I want you to have my book in which I describe how I learned that strength was only electricity, and how I learned to restore it; also I want to tell you the names of some men who will tell you that when they came to me they were physical wrecks, and are now among the finest specimens of physical manhood.

I can do just as much for women as for men. I have thousands of letters from grateful women, who had spent years and money trying to get relief from drugs, and who came to me as a last resort and are cured now.

Why should you be suffering when you know that your friends and neighbors are being cured? Why, if money you spend for drugs in a few months, if invested in my treatment, will assure you health and happiness for life. Don't you believe it? Then send for this book with the proof that I can give you, and you will be convinced.



Don't wait a minute. Send for this book now. If you will inclose this ad. I will send it sealed, free, and will give you the names of your own neighbors who are cured. I will tell you whether I can cure you or not, if you will tell me your troubles.

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